

No Matter What the Future Holds

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Summary: A Princess fighting for her future. A Tactician with no past. Together, they find the one thing both longed for more than anything: happiness. Robin/Lucina. Fluff. Vignette collection.

Chapter 1: Chapter 1

No Matter What the Future Holds

Author's Note: Hello, everyone. GhostPanda1314 here, with my first attempt at a long-term fic. I plan to have around a hundred different short stories in this, all detailing the relationship between Robin and Lucina. Different chapters will be during different periods of time, so I will do my best to clarify when everything takes place (unless the time doesn't completely matter). Thank you all for taking the time to try out my stories. I hope everyone who reads this collection will find at least one enjoyable story.

Helpless

"Hello, Lucina," I greeted as I approached said woman. She had been leaning against a tree, staring up at the moon. She turned and, noticing me with a slight smile on her face, returned my greeting.

"Hello, Robin. Were you looking for me?"

"Yes, actually," I confirmed. "I wanted to ask you something about the future." Her gaze hardened and her hand instinctively went to Falchion, palming the hilt as if reassuring herself that she was not defenseless. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath, steeling herself for any questions I might have as she does whenever someone asks about the future.

"What do you want to know?" Her tone was harsh, as if remembering was a personal battle she had to prepare for.

"In your future, Chrom is dead, correct?" I asked. She gripped Falchion even harder and looked down, silent. A mix of grief and anger overtook her features as she answered.

"...Yes. He was betrayed by his closest friend, or so the story goes." My eyebrows rose at that fact, but she continued without notice. "This is why I placed myself here in this army—because I trust no one close to him." My gaze softened. It seems I was right.

"You've made it your mission to save him—and indeed, nothing is more important," I added as she quickly snapped her head back up at me. "But it must be a hard thing to suspect and distrust every ally." A sad look entered her eyes and she looked away. Before I could press, she gave a small nod, arms dropping to her sides.

"Lucina, you're very important to me," I said, ignoring the slight blush creeping up my neck and the way she turned.

"And... I can't stand to see you neglect yourself. Your eyes have more bags than our supply wagon. And you haven't been to dinner in a few days now."

"Robin... I..."

"You have to look after yourself, as well as your father. I mean, what would happen to him if you were to collapse under the strain?"

"I... can handle it. I've handled much worse than this. You seem to be awfully perceptive of me, Robin," she said with a slight blush.

"Perhaps I am. Just... Will you promise me to take better care of yourself? I... I don't know what I would do either if you were to collapse."

A blush was now fully apparent on both of our faces. "For you... yes," She said after a brief moment. I visibly relaxed as a great weight had been taken off my shoulders.

Since when has she worried me this much? I absentmindedly wondered.

"Ah... a relief to hear."

"And a relief for me that you care, Robin," she said with a smile. "Thank you."

My heartbeat quickened as I smiled back. She was truly stunning when she smiled for real. I made it my mission right then and there to do everything I can to elicit that beautiful smile any way I could.

I turned away preparing to go when I felt a small tap on my shoulder. Turning around, I was just in time to see Lucina lightly press her lips against my cheek, lingering for only a brief moment before turning away to head back to her tent, her cape flowing slightly. I pressed my hand lightly to the spot she had kissed, a large grin plastered on my face.

As I left, a single thought crossed my mind.

I am utterly and helplessly in love.

I plan to update tomorrow if everything goes well. Reviews are appreciated, and please don't be afraid to criticize my work. Although I won't say no to anyone who wants to leave a review just saying how much they liked it, either! Haha, well, thanks for reading! See ya soon!

Chapter 2: Chapter 2

Author's Note: Just to clear things up a bit, some stories in this collection won't be from Robin's view. I've already decided (as you'll see in this chapter) that some stories will be from Lucina's point of view. However, I'm not sure as to whether I'll have a couple of stories of people looking and Robin and Lucina's relationship from the outside. I probably will. Anyways, I hope you enjoy!

You Are in My Heart

"Hello, Lucina," I heard from behind me. I whirled around and found Robin standing a few paces away with his hands concealed behind his back and a small smile on his face.

I noticeably relaxed upon seeing him. "Robin? Fancy meeting you here," I said, trying to keep a blush off my face. Ever since the day he had confronted me about taking better care of myself, I found myself avoiding him.

It's not that his company wasn't pleasing to me; in fact, it was quite the opposite. Every time I found myself with Robin, my heart would quicken, and a smile would come unbidden to my lips. I wanted nothing more than to be able to spend hours at a time alone with him. I was in love with Robin.

But he is our army's tactician, and I, his best friend's daughter. I was sure that the compassion he showed to me was nothing more than the same compassion that had caused everyone in camp to grow fond of him. And even if he did care, his respect for Father would turn him away just the same.

"Actually, I followed you," he said quickly averting his gaze so that his eyes wouldn't meet mine. "I, er... wanted to give you these."

I gasped as Robin pulled out a bouquet of freshly picked flowers and held them out to me, beckoning me to take them. "Oh, Robin! Did you pick these for me? They're absolutely beautiful, and they smell heavenly!" I exclaimed, closing my eyes as I smelled the flowers.

"...I'm glad you like them," he said after a moment. I opened my eyes and saw him smiling gently at me. Our eyes locked for a moment, and I found myself unable to look away.

"We have no flowers in my world," I reflected somberly after a moment. "The whole land is barren... But enough of that. Tell me, Robin, what are we celebrating?"

"Nothing really," he answered. "I just thought you could use some cheer."

I blushed again and hid my face in the flowers as I looked away once more. "You really shouldn't worry about me so..."

Perhaps he cares for me as well? I permitted myself to hope. A silence passed between us as I admired the flowers once again, knowing full well that Robin was simply doing what he always does: showing compassion to everyone. Just before I was about to take my leave, he stepped towards me and gently wrapped his arms around me.

"R-Robin!" I exclaimed, caught off guard.

"...Actually, I'm not being entirely honest," he confessed. "You ARE dear to me, and the daughter of a true friend. But..." he trailed off, as if wrestling with an inner conflict.

"But...?" I managed to ask. He closed his eyes and took a breath before continuing, inadvertently tightening his arms and pulling me closer to him for a brief moment, making my heart race.

"But you are more than that. Much more! I didn't pick that bouquet to cheer you up. I did it because..." he trailed off and released me before taking my hands again. "Because I'm in love with you!"

"What?" I managed to say, my mind not fully comprehending the fact that my heart's truest desire had been granted.

"Lucina, I've fallen helplessly in love with you!" he confessed. "I tried not to, but I couldn't help it! No matter how I distracted myself or what I told myself, I couldn't stop thinking about you. I couldn't stop loving you."

"Oh, Robin..." I said, tears beginning to fill my eyes. I used a hand to cover my mouth as I began to cry slightly from happiness.

This was real. Robin truly loved me.

"We've been through so much, and I know many trials await us," he said. "But no matter what happened or is yet to come, my feelings cannot change! I love you, Lucina. With all my heart."

I kissed him.

Initially, he was shocked. But when he finally figured out that I was the one who had started the kiss, he returned it gladly. "I... I'm so glad you told me all of this," I managed to say through my tears as we pulled away. "Because you are in my heart as well."

His eyes lit up from happiness as he pulled me close, allowing me to rest my chin on his shoulder. "Truly? Oh, those must be the sweetest words I've ever heard!" he exclaimed, picking me up and spinning me around as we both laughed in joy.

"Lucina," he said, putting me down and pulling me close again. "I promise you, no matter what: I will always be here for you and Chrom. Whatever road you choose to follow, I shall follow it at your side."

I smiled and lightly kiss him again before replying. "And we won't rest until we reach the end! Together!"

We smiled and shared another kiss and a few more loving words before retiring to our separate tents for the night.

I love you, Robin, I had told him. And no matter what the future holds, I'm going to cherish every moment. Always.

Wow, over 250 views on the first day! My only other story hasn't even hit 300 views and it's been out for over a year! I would just like to thank everyone who took the time to read my story. And I'd like to give a big thanks to the readers Zallow, princesslolitatheorca654, and for the reviews. It means a lot that you'd take the time to let me know that you liked it!

So, as of the next chapter, I plan to start entirely making my own dialogue. Starting off this story, I chose to use the support conversations to get a feeling for the romance (and to get a bit used to writing these characters). I hope to get another chapter out before the day is up, but we'll see how that goes. Anyways, thanks for reading! Please review if you get the chance. I hope you enjoyed this story.

***Chapter 3*: Chapter 3**

Author's Note: Man, the ideas are just flowing today! Updates galore! Hey, everybody, thanks for stopping by! This one has been stuck in my head for a long time. It's a little AU at the end, but I really really love the message I hope this one gives. The relationship between Lucina and Robin, and the friendship between Chrom and Robin are both very important to me, and I hope I accurately portrayed both in this chapter.

Light

He was fading.

The final blow had been struck. Grima had fallen—for good this time. He had killed Grima, and with him, ended his own existence.

As of now, Robin was floating somewhere. Nowhere, actually. Black as far as the eye could see.

Robin had stopped existing.

However, it was still possible he could come back.

Naga had said that if the bonds he made with his friends and family were strong enough, he could come back.

His bonds, he reflected, were definitely strong enough.

Chrom, his best friend.

He had treated Robin like a friend, even before Robin had proven himself.

And in the end, Robin felt he was more a brother than anything else.

The laughs they had shared; the tears they had shed.

Robin would trade anything to be at his friend's side again.

At his brother's side.

Morgan, his daughter.

Wearing the coat he loved, she made her presence known in his life.

With her around, he was happier. Each day seemed to matter more.

And the knowledge that in some future, he had a daughter with the woman he loved above all else kept him fighting, even in the darkest times.

Robin would love to hear her laugh again.

Lucina, his wife.

Memories of their life together flashed through his mind.

His confession.

His proposal.

Their wedding.

Their first kiss.

Finding Morgan.

Convincing Morgan to call Chrom "Grandfather" still made him crack a smile.

Lucina was his love and his light.

As long as Robin could still think, he would still fight. He would fight to see Lucina again.

A bright light illuminated the darkness Robin had been trapped in.

A light with long blue hair.

And a symbol in her left eye.

And suddenly Robin knew he would find her again.

Because not time, not death, and not even Grima could keep them apart.

He loved her. And it was time to see her smile again.

...

...

...

"Father, we have to do something!"

"Well, what do you suppose we do?"

My eyes opened.

There she was. My light. Tears in her eyes and a smile on her face.

Lucina.

"I found you," she said softly. "I finally found you.

"Here," Chrom said, extending his hand to me. "Take my hand."

I took it and he pulled me up before him and Lucina wrapped me in a firm hug.

"Welcome home," Chrom said.

"We missed you."

I'll update soon. Thanks for reading. Also, to that invisible reviewer (you know who you are): I've tried everything, but your name just won't appear! But thanks for reviewing anyways. I probably will end up having Chrom's POV in a chapter.

Maybe the one where Robin and Lucina tell him about their relationship.

That would be funny.

Please review, and thanks for reading!

***Chapter 4*: Chapter 4**

Author's Note: Hey, everybody! GhostPanda1314 back again! You guys are awesome, I hope you know that. I mean, the overwhelming support and interest given to this story has made me want to crank out chapters as fast as I can. So thank you all for your support!

On a story-related subject, I noticed that I was portraying Lucina as a bit "Robin-dependent" in my previous chapters, so I made this chapter showing just how much Robin needs her, too. Because we all know they need each other.

Doubt

"This is not your—your fault..." Chrom spoke in a pained voice as a spear of lightning protruded from his stomach.

My spear.

"Promise me..." he coughed, his blood spattering on the floor. "Promise me you'll escape this place..."

"Please... Go..."

I stared in disbelief as he fell to the ground.

Dead.

Tilting back my head, I let out a scream of anguish as tears rolled down my cheeks and a dark laugh echoed through my mind.

My best friend. My brother in all but blood. Dead by my hand.

I was shaken awake gently. As I opened my eyes, I saw the blurry figure of a blue haired individual over me.

"Robin, it's okay now," Lucina said. "It was just a dream. It's not real."

Realizing why my sight was blurry, I wiped the tears from my eyes.

"Sorry to wake you," I mumbled as she sighed with relief.

"It's quite all right," she said reassuringly as she took my hand and began to lightly stroke the back with her thumb. "What was your dream about?"

"It was... about Chrom... about killing him..."

She was silent before taking my hand and placing it gently on her cheek. "It'll be okay. I have faith in you."

"What if... What if I can't control it...?" she was silent. "What if I... I kill Chrom...?" Tears filled my eyes again as the horrible dread at killing my best friend once again stabbed at my heart.

Turning around in bed, she faced me and wrapped her arms around my neck. "I know you can stop yourself, Robin," she said as I fell apart in her arms, sobbing uncontrollably. "We can change the future. We can stop all the hurting. Together. And..." She trailed off, unsure of whether or not to continue.

Finally after a moment, she gently grabbed my face and kissed me, quelling my fears, if only a little.

"Even if we fail, I will never regret coming here, Robin. You are worth every moment. Whatever destination our future takes us to, I will follow it to the end with you at my side," she said, taking my hand.

"How... How can you have so much faith in me?" I asked as I buried my head in her shoulder.

She smiled as if I were a child asking a silly question. "Because I love you, Robin. You are my one and only love."

We shared another soft kiss before we both lay down again. Noticing my tenseness, she snuggled up to me and wrapped my arms around her stomach before comfortably falling asleep in my arms.

I smiled and kissed the back of her head gently.

We would be okay.

She would be the reason I can change fate.

Because our love for each other cannot be bound.

I smiled again, dreaming only of the peaceful future we would share together.

And that concludes another story. I was really looking to do a comfort chapter this time around, but my initial attempts with Lucina as the one being comforted just didn't sit right. Anyways, I'd like to give a shout out to the reviewers: pokemon rhoades, Animesrock145, and Gunlord500. All your reviews are greatly appreciated and really keep me going while I'm trying to stay on task.

Also, I'd like to give a big thanks to the person who added me to the community "Crossing the Ocean of Time" which is a community based entirely off of the relationship between Robin and Lucina. Check it out when you have the time; the stories on there are great!

Finally, OVER 1000 VIEWS! YEAH! I was excited. Anyways, thanks for reading, hope you enjoyed the story, and please review when you get the chance. Thanks!

***Chapter 5*: Chapter 5**

Author's Note: Hey again. So, I seem to have cranked out another update. It is like 2 in the morning here though, so don't be afraid to more harshly criticize this one. Although strangely enough, I feel this might be one of my better ones.

Hold My Hand

The first time I held his hand was the day after we confessed to each other. We were sitting together in the mess hall during breakfast next to my Mother and Father with my sister Cynthia and our friend Inigo across from us.

We were all happily engaged in pleasant conversation, when Robin nonchalantly leaned over to whisper into my ear while no one was paying any attention.

"Hold my hand," he whispered before rejoining the conversation as if nothing had occurred.

A blush spread across my face as I silently complied, grasping for his hand under the table, unused to both the act of holding hands and public displays of affection. Realizing my awkwardness, he calmly yet firmly grasped my fumbling hand, intertwining his fingers with mine as our palms rested against each other.

His hand was soft, and he wasted no time in lightly running his thumb over the back of my hand, causing me to blush even more. His hands were warm, and his warmth gradually spread through my entire body, leaving me with a pleasant and relaxing feeling, unlike anything I had ever felt before.

I tightened my grip a bit as he smiled and gave my hand a reassuring squeeze.

As we stood outside my Father's tent, Robin began to sweat. He was nervous as to how my Father would react to his best friend professing his love for his daughter and at the same time, asking for his permission of marriage.

Marriage, I realized, was something I never thought I would have the luxury of experiencing in my future.

"Hold my hand," I told him as panic seemed to flood his mind. Without hesitation, he grabbed my hand, closed his eyes, and took a few calming breaths. Opening his eyes, he gave a thankful smile to me as we walked through the tent flap, daring anyone to challenge us.

A challenge, we realized, which would be issued almost immediately.

The last time I held his hand was as he faded.

Having struck the final blow on Grima, his very being began to fade before us. Unable to stand any longer, he lay down as bits and pieces of his essence broke off and faded away.

Tears streamed down my face as Father and I were on either side of him, Father grasping his hand as he shouted words of encouragement and friendship, and me grasping his hand, hoping, pleading, that like always, we could get through anything just by holding hands.

And as he faded away fully, hoping that the warmth would stay a bit longer.

The day we found him in the field was one of the happiest days of my life.

As we began our walk back to the castle, the familiar feeling of his hand slipping into my grasp finally dispelled any final doubts about the reality of this miracle.

Robin was back. And here to stay. And I could hold his hand whenever I wanted to for the rest of my life.

His hand seemed even warmer.

"Keep holding my hand," he told me as he smiled brightly.

I smiled back. "I won't let go," I told him. "So no need to ask anymore."

And that's that. Big shout out to my reviewers sam578, OrangeStreakedStar, RedSunMun, and Animerocks145.

Also, to Animerocks145, a spear was my best bet. I do know that it was magic and not a sword, because they did make a point of giving him Thoron in the original premonition so that the players could clearly see the fact that it was

lightning magic that killed Chrom. Other than that, for all I know, it could've been a giant spoon.

Although being spooned to death by your best friend could get weird...

By the way, I appreciate your pun. :D

Anyways, wrapping things up here, if ANYONE has an idea for a story they'd like me to try, PM me or drop a review. I always read them.

Thanks for reading! Hope you liked it! Review if you can! Have a nice night/day/period of consciousness!

***Chapter 6*: Chapter 6**

Author's Note: Hey, everyone! I'm baaaaaaack! I must say, I am beyond excited as to how many people have read this story and the overwhelmingly positive reviews I am getting. Thanks so much to everyone who gave this story a chance! Anyways, I don't feel this story is one of my strongest works, but I happen to love it anyways. I dunno, maybe I'm biased. Haha, I hope you enjoy it as much as I enjoyed writing it!

Awkward

Robin and Lucina's relationship was awkward.

Their love was true and pure, but nothing could stop the waves of awkward that overflowed every time they left the sanctity of their shared tent (but that's a story for another day) to journey to the outside world.

Well, the mess hall.

This story takes place in the early stages of their relationship; after they had professed their love for each other, but before their relationship had become public knowledge.

Or, more accurately, before Chrom knew.

It was a rainy afternoon, and the Shepherds had decided to set up an early camp on their way to the next battle. They were in no rush, and the rain had put everyone in a sour mood as they trekked through the muddy landscape before finally calling it a day.

Chrom, especially, hated the rain. It reminded him far too much of his older sister Emmeryn.

In fact, everyone in the Shepherds had actively voiced their hate for rain.

Well, almost everyone.

Although neither would admit it, Robin and Lucina both always looked forward to rainy days. Since no one went around to their tents, the young couple would often spend the entire day together in one of the tents.

Alone.

What they didn't know however, was that almost everyone in the camp knew about their relationship. Even Sumia had been made aware of her daughter's relationship with the Shepherds' tactician.

In fact, Chrom was the only one in camp who didn't know.

That afternoon, Robin and Lucina were together in Robin's tent, simply talking the day away. Robin had begun his strategy of relentlessly complimenting Lucina so that he might cause her to engage in her own attack to silence him.

In other words, he was trying to trick her into kissing him.

And to his satisfaction, it was going extremely well.

However, the constant giggling had attracted some unwanted female attention outside of their tent. As Cordelia had been passing by, she heard Lucina giggled and paused to eavesdrop a little.

Because if there's one thing Cordelia loved more than anything, it was a good love story.

As she stood their fawning over the young couple's cute afternoon together, her best friend and avid romance-fanatic Sumia came walking by on her way to her shared tent with Chrom.

And of course, Cordelia had to gush.

Which meant that now both Cordelia and Sumia were hiding outside Robin's tent, listening to every word said.

And of course, having Lucina's mother hear Robin's every word would have all but traumatized the young couple.

Which is why the two women swore vows of silence right there to never reveal what they heard to anyone.

Any of the men, anyways.

Back in his tent, Chrom had realized very quickly that his wife was very late. They were supposed to discuss the rumors floating around camp about Lucina and an unknown suitor. Already in a foul mood thanks to the rain, Chrom stormed out of his tent, looking for his wife.

Noticing a small crowd of women gathering at Robin's tent, he decided to check there first. Upon approaching, he heard a comment from Sumia about the tent suddenly going silent.

"What's going on?" Chrom asked the crowd. "Did something happen to Robin?"

Unable to shake the sense of dread, Chrom pushed through the protesting woman into Robin's tent, expecting to see their tactician and friend in some awful mess.

What he did NOT expect was to see his ex-tactician and soon-to-be-dead friend kissing his daughter.

Realizing that he most likely did not have long to live, Robin grabbed Lucina's hand one last time and gave her another quick kiss before tearing a hole in the tent and escaping into the rain.

Chrom was right behind him, and not even a desperate Lucina and Sumia could slow his pace.

Taking the opportunity to act, the women who had been eavesdropping took Lucina back into Robin's tent and immediately made her tell them all about her relationship with Robin.

At the end of the day, everyone of the Shepherds was aware of Robin and Lucina's relationship.

Which is why no one questioned Robin's trip to the infirmary and Chrom's strict curfew rules for Lucina.

But that didn't stop them from helping the two sneak out to see each other when they could at night.

Yes, Robin and Lucina's relationship was awkward.

But it was memories like these that made them look back and laugh that truly made their relationship what it is today.

A testament to the endless love shared by these two.

AAAAAAAAAAAAAnd done! This was done from a neutral point of view, and I think that although it made it harder to come up with a plot, the end result was better than I had expected.

Alright, time for my Hall of Fame corner! Special thanks to Dragontalon 486, OrangeStreakedStar, Zallow, and Animesrock145 for reviewing! Hearing how much my reader's love my story really inspires me to do my best. And then some! I just love reading reviews, hahaha.

Also, I'd like to thank Jewish Banana for PMing me to let me know how much he looked forward to my updates. Its guys like you that make dealing with writer's block worth it!

Now, to answer a couple reviews:

Dragontalon 486: I will definitely make a big royal wedding marriage story for you. Let me just get a couple more chapters out and I'll do my best to make it my biggest and best chapter yet!

Animesrock145: I wish I had someone's hand to hold, too. T-T The single life is a lonely one. Also, there was one occasion in which I capitalized "Father" when I shouldn't have. However, because "Father" and "Mother" are what Lucina calls her parents, it would be capitalized due to being a proper noun. Like "Mom" and "Dad" in comparison to "my mom" and "my dad".

I hope that was less confusing than it sounds to me right now.

Wow that was lengthy. Thanks for reading, review when you can please, and I hope you enjoyed!

See you soon!

***Chapter 7*: Chapter 7**

Sometimes I think "Hey, maybe I should try writing before two in the morning".

Then I think "Eh, whatever".

I need more sleeeeeeeeep. But you guys make me wanna work so hard!

Ah well.

All That I Am

When I woke up in the field that fateful day I met Chrom, I had three possessions: a simple spellbook, a shoddy sword, and the coat on my back.

Many things changed over the years, and I gained new possessions, such as: a tent, a new sword, and more books than I could ever imagine.

I never stopped defining myself by my original three possessions, though.

The old, shoddy sword that felt more right than anything when hung at my waist was fixed with a new blade to the original hilt.

And no matter how many books I gained, I always went back to read and repair the spellbook that had been at my side when I awoke; I even took the time to make it more powerful than before.

Even today, I still wore the same coat despite the Grimleal markings covering it.

After all, it was still one of the only things remaining of my lost past.

However, everything changed when Morgan came into our life.

It wasn't hard noticing the messy blue hair atop her head and Brand of the Exalt on her right hand, but what stood out the most to Lucina and I was how much of *me* she had with her.

We found her with an all too familiar sword attached to her hip.

A noticeably worn, but considerably powerful spellbook in her hand.

And a coat, one size too big, across her shoulders.

All I owned, given to a different person.

Given to mine and Lucina's daughter, to be specific.

They didn't define who I am, I realized that day.

My wife, who despite knowing the dangers and consequences of interfering too much, fell in love with me.

My wife, who made me a better person through the love we shared.

My wife, Lucina.

When I fell for her, she became all that I am.

My future self knew that, I realized. And that's why my most treasured possessions were back in combat yet again.

Because if my wife and child were going to fight, only the weapons of the utmost reliability were what I wanted.

With a knowing smile on my face, I returned to mine and Lucina's tent after dinner, and we held each other all night as we realized that our future was in sight.

Finally, a future where I never had to worry about losing those I loved.

I smiled into my wife's forehead as sleep overtook me.

I didn't dream.

Because with Lucina, all my dreams came true.

Woooow. Sappy at the end. Did this flow right? I'm just kinda curious. Like I said, two in the morning. Not much thinking going on.

Big thanks to all my reviewers: pokemon rhoades, TheWerdna, Lokisdottir, MasterHamsters, **and** Animerock145.

And also thanks to OrangeStreakedStar **and** Jewish Bananas **for the reviews/PMs.**

Now to address a bunch of stuff at once.

Lokisdottir: **I have always planned to do the Judgement scene and an after scene, so no worries!**

pokemon rhoades: **I know I've mentioned Morgan, but I plan to completely introduce her (with a legitimate chapter based on finding her) soon. Veeeeeeery soon.**

TheWerdna: **I adore your ideas, and will be stealing them. Thank you. :P**

Animerocks145: **I don't find their relationship to be awkward, either. I find it to be sweet and loving. Doesn't mean I can't mess with them, however. Ehehehehehe.**

Gods, I'm tired. Super duper quadruple mega thanks to everyone for reviewing, PMing, enjoying, and even just reading the story!

Hope you liked it. Please review if you did.

Thanks for reading!

***Chapter 8*: Chapter 8**

Hey, everyone! GhostPanda1314 here after a long wait! First item on the agenda...

I'm reaaaaaaally sorry for the long wait between updates, but... College.

I'm at College now, hooray!

And I have two more chapters that should be out by the end of Saturday! Also hooray!

I'm so sorry. So here! An extra long chapter!

I love you guys. You all deserve a cookie for waiting. Or the blood of your enemies.

I prefer cookies.

Dream

A harsh yell pierced the night.

"Lucina! Lucina, no! Don't go, please!"

I bolted awake and briefly looked beside me to see Sumia already getting up from our shared bed.

"Who was that?" I asked her. "I couldn't tell." As far as I remembered, I've never heard any of the Shepherds yell like that.

"I'm not sure," Sumia admitted. "It was one of the guys though. And they were yelling for—"

"Lucina," I finished, Falchion already at my waist. "I know."

"You go ahead," she told me. "I still have to get my armor on. I'll meet up with you in a minute."

"Got it," I said, giving her a chaste kiss before running out of the tent.

Assuming the yell to be a warning for a surprise attack from either the Risen or Walhart's forces, some of our strongest Shepherds had already assembled. Lon'qu, Vaike, Owain, and Gaius fell into step with me on their way towards the source of the noise.

Robin was missing however, and the direction they were walking was definitely—

"Robin's tent," Lon'qu realized, confirming my fears.

"Father!" he heard from behind him.

Whirling around, the group found Lucina running towards them. Catching up with the crowd of Shepherds, she paused a moment to catch her breath.

"Why did... you yell for me...?" she managed.

I was confused. "I didn't yell," I told her. "I thought something had happened to you."

Confusion flashed across her face as her next words were cut off by the beating of wings. Two pegasi landed softly next to our group as Cordelia and Sumia dismounted quickly.

"Status report," I requested.

"No Pegasus Riders or other flying enemies nearby, milord," Sumia reported.

"No enemies or suspicious camps in the nearby area either," Cordelia responded as well.

"And have any enemies inside the camp been found?" I questioned them.

Having seen her mother land, Severa walked up to us to give her report as well.

"Dad and I searched everywhere, but we haven't found anyone even remotely suspicious in camp," she said.

I sighed in relief. It seemed that it was just a false alarm.

"Good work," I told them all. "And tell Frederick and Robin the same."

Severa looked at me questioningly. "I understand Dad, but why Robin? We didn't see him on our patrol."

My stomach sank as an overwhelming sense of fear gripped me. "Owain and Lon'qu, I need you two to find Lissa and tell her to meet me in Robin's tent. Lucina, you come with me. Everyone else, spread the word that this was a false alarm and everyone should go back to sleep."

"Where would Mother be?" I heard Owain ask his father.

"I'm not sure," Lon'qu responded. "Check the infirmary tent. I'll look elsewhere."

Lucina and I ran the rest of the way to Robin's tent.

"Robin, we're coming in," I announced as we arrived at his tent. Walking inside, the first thing that we noticed was the smell.

It was the smell of sickness.

Robin was sick.

Lighting a lamp, we looked around the tent, looking for Robin.

"Robin!" Lucina cried out, horrified.

Robin was curled up in bed, sobbing uncontrollably.

"Don't leave me," he whimpered, his eyes open but unseeing.

"Father, what's...?"

"He's sick," I explained. "Very sick. He's begun to hallucinate."

"About me...?"

I shrugged, unsure of what was happening.

Even the great tactician of the Shepherds had fallen prey to the enemy known as sickness.

Lucina walked over to where Robin was laying and gently placed a hand on his forehead. Robin shuddered at the touch, but otherwise did and said nothing more.

"He's burning up," Lucina commented, a layer of fear noticeable in her eyes. "What shall we do, Father?"

"Lissa should be here soon," I told her reassuringly. "In the meantime, why don't you go get some water for him. I'll stay with him."

Her eyes flashed between myself and the unconscious figure of Robin and nodded. "Right then. I'll be back shortly." With that, she briskly walked out of the tent.

I grabbed a chair and sat down next to Robin, unsure of what to do. I hated seeing Robin like this, but I wasn't sure if I could do anything.

"Robin," I gently called out, deciding to try to talk to him. "Are you awake?"

Moments of silence passed, and just as I was about to ask again, he coughed slightly and barely managed to open his eyes. "Chrom...? Is that you...?"

"Yeah," I managed with a smile, glad to see he was at least a little okay. "It's me. How are you feeling?"

He chuckled weakly. "Been better. What's wrong with me?"

"You have a high fever. Beyond that, we're waiting for Lissa to get over here and check you out."

"We?" He repeated, confused. "Who else is with you?" he asked, trying to look around the tent.

"Lucina," I answered, noticing a change in his normally stalwart and confident gaze. "She went to grab some water and

will be right back."

He said nothing for a minute and simply stared at a wall, lost in thought. Was that a wistful expression in his gaze?

"You were having a nightmare, Robin. Do you remember what it was about?" I asked, going off of a feeling I had.

He nodded carefully, as if unsure of whether or not to tell me. "It was about... Lucina."

"Lucina," I confirmed. "And what happened in the dream?"

"She... left." He said, his eyes beginning to mist over slightly. "I begged her not to go, but... she left."

"Who did she leave?" I asked, already guessing the answer.

"Me," Robin confirmed for me. "Everyone. She... died. And left me."

My gaze softened a bit, as I realized why Robin had screamed so loud the entire army had awakened.

"Robin... Are you in love with Lucina?"

Robin flinched slightly before nodding. "Yes," he said. "I love Lucina. I always will. And nothing I do or say will change that. Even if she will never love me back."

Thinking about how Lucina had reacted, I patted Robin's head lightly, like a child who felt bad for stealing some sweets. "You never know," I told him. "She might just feel the same."

A hopeful gaze filled his eyes as he looked at me thankfully. After a moment, his eyelids grew heavy again, and sleep overcame him once more. I chuckled and got up as I heard Lucina approaching from outside the tent. "Father!" she said, out of breath. "I got the water. And Aunt Lissa should be here soon, she just had to find her first aid kit."

Lucina quickly crossed the confines of the tent and knelt beside Robin, smiling slightly as she noticed Robin smiling in his sleep. She gently tilted his head back and gave him some cool water to drink.

The tender way Lucina did this just proved my point. I began to exit the tent, planning to go back to sleep when Lucina called after me.

"Father. You're not staying? Aren't you worried?" she asked, confused.

I laughed. "Not if he's in your hands," I told her. "In fact, I think he's just as happy as you are right now."

A blush tinted her cheeks. "F-Father, what!? Why would Robin be happy right now? Why would I be happy!?"

I laughed again, not answering her question as I got to the tent flap. Realizing something I had to do, I turned around and addressed Robin.

"Robin!" I called out. "You have my permission."

"Permission?" Lucina echoed. But noticing I was already out of the tent, she didn't get a chance to ask.

However, according to a scandalous report from Lissa that had already made its way halfway around the camp by Lunchtime, a blushing Lucina was caught gently kissing Robin's forehead when Lissa walked in.

Robin, of course, remembered nothing from that night other than the fact that a horrible dream had woken him and the entire camp up, and that he was unusually happier—mostly when Lucina was around, the women had noticed.

In fact, by the time Robin and Lucina had confessed their love to each other, the entire Army had already known for weeks.

And even though I knew and greatly approved as Robin was the one man I trusted everything to, that didn't stop me from chasing him when their relationship was officially "revealed" to me.

After all, I am a father.

Whew. Long one. Anyways, thanks so much to all who reviewed! Just so I don't miss anyone, I'm gonna give personal thanks to everyone after I get back from my morning class. Since apparently writing a story before my 9:15 class is a great idea.

It's not.

Anyways, hope you enjoyed, and leave a review if you did!

Or if you didn't. I'm always open to criticism.

Thanks again!

***Chapter 9*: Chapter 9**

Hey everyone.

I'm sick.

But new chapter! Yeah!

Really fluffy and sweet.

Um... Lucina's POV if that was confusing at first.

I think I need to take a nap.

Enjoy!

Are You my Mother?

Cleaving another Risen in two, I paused for a moment to catch my breath. However, just as I stabbed Falchion into the ground to lean on it, another Risen tackled me from behind, pushing me to the ground.

When I was caught off guard like this, I really struggled with Risen. I guess when Falchion wasn't in my hands, the future I came from was just too much.

I wrestled with him for a moment before a blast of thunder magic knocked him off of me. A blur rushed past me, the figure stabbing their sword through the Risen as it struggled to get up.

Hang on, I thought. That's Robin's coat, isn't it? But... was he always that short?

"Robin?" I called aloud. "Is that you?" The figure turned around quickly at the name, however their face was still hidden from view.

"Robin?" the unmistakably female voice echoed. "Is this Robin of yours a tactician by any chance?" Getting a good look at her, I realize that *was* Robin's coat. It was much too big for the woman.

"Why yes, he is. Why do you ask?" I responded, mentally noting to ask about Robin's personal life before we were together.

"Oh boy! He's my father!"

My jaw dropped.

"Y-your father?" I repeated. As far as I knew, Robin didn't have any children from the future. To my knowledge, he was never even married.

"Yeah!" she said excitedly, rushing up to me. "Do you know him?" She began to bounce around, knocking her hood off of her head, revealing her dark blue hair.

Wait a minute.

My mind refused to register her hair color. When it did, a heavy blush set on my face, and I failed the ability to speak in complete sentences.

"But I—We haven't—We're not even—"

Calm down. I forcibly told myself. *For all you know, this girl might not be yours. Perhaps the hair color is a coincidence?*

The girl looked at me for a moment before breaking the silence that had grown between us, despite the raging battle going on not too far from here. "Judging by your reaction," she said with a smirk. "I take it you really *know* my father, eh?" Her eyebrows bounced a bit as I struggled to keep my blush from resurfacing.

"Wait! Mother hears about—Agh!" she suddenly clutched her head and keeled over from what I assumed was pain.

"Are you alright?" I asked, a strange panic blooming in my chest. "What's wrong?" The girl looked up slowly, tears in her eyes.

"Are... Are you my mother?" she asked, her lower lip trembling. "I... I can't remember what my mother looks like... but you have the same mark as me. And... And I just want you to hold me for some reason."

Unsure of what to do, I decided to trust my heart in this situation, just like I had when Robin told me he loved me. I pulled her to my chest and held her as her tears flowed freely. "M-mommy..." she sobbed. "I missed you so much!"

Tears began to flow from my eyes, too. As amidst all the chaos and the fighting, I realized that I had a future. I had a man I loved more than anything in this world. I had hope that the terrible future I had journeyed from would never come to pass.

And I cried out of happiness, clutching my daughter. My new hope, and my new light.

"Lucina!" I heard a voice call out from a little ways off. I turned to see Robin standing on a hill, worry and confusion on his face as he saw me holding onto this girl. I motioned for him to come closer, unwilling to let go of her.

As he got closer, he began to notice the same things I did: the coat and the hair. He put two and two together as I held her close, and understood it all—this was our daughter.

Amazingly enough, she had already fallen asleep by the time this had occurred. And so, Robin picked her up and carried her on his back towards camp.

I held her hand the entire way.

So did Robin.

And later that night, as the three of us slept in a bed together until Morgan (as we found out her name was later) received her own tent, Robin held my hand the entire night.

At that moment, I think, I knew that I would never leave this time period.

And I would never leave Robin.

"I love you," I whispered as sleep overtook me.

"I love you, too" I heard him say.

It wasn't until the next day that Robin's sense of pride and happiness was taken from him just as suddenly as it had come on.

He would have to tell Chrom about Morgan, too.

And that's the end of that. I just had to get this chapter out! Is it still satisfactory? Because I am not feeling awesome right now. Ah well. Big big big big BIG thanks to all my reviewers! Sorry about not naming you, but I appreciate you guys so much!

Sorry if this Morgan chapter wasn't how everyone wanted it. But to be honest, I'm gonna have a chapter where Morgan meets Chrom before saving Lucina, and where Robin and Lucina tell Chrom, who (just o mess with Robin) pretends not to know. Hooray planning in advance!

Finally, 10000 VIEWS! HOLY CRAP! Seriously everyone, I am so happy to know that my story is this popular. I hope that I can continue this story for a long time and that everyone can enjoy it.

Thanks for reading!

***Chapter 10*: Chapter 10**

Hey, everyone! Another update! Yaaaaaaaaaay!

And it's longer this time!

So, is anyone else super pumped for SSB4?

I just had to ask. I mean, my favorite pairing ever is in it.

Maybe I'll even have a chapter based on it... hint hint...

Oh, this chapter is third person, but you can see inside Lucina's head.

Just to clear up any confusion.

Also, I'm feeling not so sick! WOOOOO!

Enjoy!

A Good Tactician Always Has a Plan

It was a quiet afternoon in Ylisstol.

Grima was defeated, the future saved, and the war over.

And best of all, Robin had been found and was happily reunited with his friends and family.

On this afternoon, Robin and his daughter Morgan were locked in a heated battle.

That is, they were playing chess.

Lucina, always attempting to get better at strategy like the Hero-King Marth she respected so much, was watching them like usual.

And, also like usual, Robin had backed Morgan into a corner.

Eyes scanning the board, Morgan quickly realized that her army wasn't going to make it out of this one alive...

So, she decided that mental warfare was her only way out.

"Father," Morgan began. "Have you ever been wounded enough to the point where you've been forced to leave the field?"

Robin blinked in surprise. Morgan always asked him questions when she was losing, that part wasn't new. However usually they detailed (much to his and Lucina's embarrassment) when they were going to "get started on making Morgan".

And Robin even had the perfect comeback today, too...

"Well," he said, sharing a look with Lucina. "No. But there was one time that I nearly did."

Morgan's eyes bugged out of her head, eager to find out what opponent had been so powerful as to almost take Father off the field of battle.

"Was it Gangrel? Walhart? Grima himself!?"

He laughed. "No," he replied. "It was actually—"

"Me," Lucina interrupted.

"You, Mother?" Morgan asked incredulously. "Why!? Did you see Father with another woman!?"

"H-hey," Robin protested. "Your mother has always been the only woman."

"As far as you remember," Morgan shot back. "Perhaps it was one of your past lovers back for your heart!"

Robin looked to Lucina helplessly, who was busy stifling laughter (albeit not very well) behind her hand.

"Actually," she said after a moment. "It was before your Father and I had confessed to each other."

Attention immediately diverted from tormenting her father, Morgan bounced excitedly. "Tell me!" she ordered.

Lucina and Robin laughed at their daughter's usual bubbly attitude.

"Alright," Robin said. "It was in the Walhart campaign. We had just met up with Say'ri and were on our way to the Mila Tree in order to meet with The Voice."

"The Voice?" Morgan echoed, confused.

"Tiki," Lucina cleared up with a smile.

"Ohhhhh"

"Anyways," Lucina continued. "The man in charge of defending the passage up to the voice was Walhart's most trusted general: Cervantes. Your father, ever the tactician, had insisted that he and I team up for the fight."

"Purely strategy," Robin innocently smirked. "I merely felt that her sword abilities combined with my magic and sword were second to none."

"And you had fallen madly in love with Mother," Morgan retorted back.

Robin grinned at Lucina's blush. "Like I said: strategy."

"Fine then," Lucina said. "Why don't you tell the story, oh revered and almighty tactician?"

"My Love' works just fine, dear," Robin said with a wink. Lucina turned an even deeper shade of scarlet at his words, and Robin took that as a sign to continue.

"No!" Morgan protested. "I want Mother to tell it!"

"Fine," Robin relented. "I'll just sit over here and plan more strategies on how to beat you in one more round. I already have four."

"What!? Well I have—"

"Morgan, I'm starting."

"Yaaaaay!"

"What ho, insects!" the General boomed. "Bring forth your finest fighters! We shall see who reigns victorious in the end!"

Lucina cut down another Valmese soldier, giving an annoyed grunt as Falchion gleamed in battle. *How many of these soldiers are there?* She wondered. As she ran towards another barbarian, her foot caught in a gnarled root and she fell to the ground, Falchion clamoring out of her hands. She tried to get up, but her leg couldn't stand the weight—her ankle obviously broken.

The barbarian, noticing her situation, rushed at her. He raised his giant axe, a demonic grin on his face.

So this is how it ends, she thought. I am to die at the hands of a Valmese soldier.

Time seemed to slow down. And Lucina's final thoughts were clear.

Time... has always been my enemy. Even now, I wish for more time with Father. With Mother. With...

Snow white hair. Pure and untouched.

With him.

That dusty old coat, always around his shoulders.

With Robin.

She'd even begun to admire the way he smelled—like old books and battle.

I love you, Robin.

She would have loved to see the future through with him.

I'm sorry.

And, closing her eyes and accepting the fate she once challenged, she waited for the blow.

"Lucina!" A desperate voice screamed.

Robin!?

A shadow passed over her eyelids and a sickening sound—the sound of cold steel being embedded in flesh.

Opening her eyes, she looked up to see Robin standing between her and the barbarian.

And the barbarian's axe embedded in his back.

A well-placed arrow—most likely from Virion—found the barbarian's neck and took him out.

But his axe was still wedged in Robin's back.

"Robin!" she screamed, tears coming unbidden to her eyes.

"You're okay," he managed to say, sinking to his knees. "I made it in time. You're okay."

He coughed, blood running down the side of his mouth.

"Lucina," he said. "You don't have to be afraid anymore."

"No!" she screamed. "Why did you do this!?"

"I'm gonna end this fight right now," he said confidently, smiling. His face was pale, and he had blood matted in his hair and his coat was torn in multiple places.

"No..." she sobbed. "Just stay alive... Please..."

And that's when Robin knew he couldn't let this fight continue.

Summoning up all his reserves of mana, he called his most powerful thunder spell to mind.

"I call upon the thunder! May I use this power to smite any enemy that shall stand in my way! Smash, almighty hammer of justice! Mjölnir!"

A pillar of visible mana shot out from Robin's body, going up past the branches of the Mila Tree until no one could see it.

It didn't take a mage to sense that kind of power, however. At once, lightning came down and struck every enemy on the field.

They didn't even have time to scream.

Cervantes was the only survivor. But just before anyone could get to him, he was whisked away by a strange magic.

Everyone turned to look at Robin, in awe of the display of magical power he just showed. Already, Miriel was getting out her notebook.

Ricken looked like he just saw Naga descend from above.

Even Frederick looked on with a newfound sense of respect for Robin.

Lucina crawled over to Robin, still unable to stand, and let him lean on her as he collapsed—spent.

Chrom and Lissa rushed over, along with Libra and Maribelle not far behind.

"You stay with me," Lucina whispered through the tears. "You stay with me, damn you! Damn your kindness and damn fate! I love you, and you can't just leave me!"

Robin never heard her.

But judging by the flowers he gave her later that night, it didn't matter.

"Hello, Lucina."

"Robin? Fancy meeting you here."

"Actually, I followed you."

Morgan's jaw had opened about halfway through the story, and refused to shut for the rest of it.

"And he confessed his love for you that night!?"

"Yup," Robin said proudly, going over to Lucina and kissing her cheek. "Easily the best axe wound I've ever had."

Lucina flushed again before noticing something.

"Robin, I do believe Morgan has beaten you." She pointed out, stifling her laughter.

Robin whirled around, eyeing the board carefully before giving a long sigh.

"Playing while I'm distracted again, I see."

"Yup!" she exclaimed proudly, holding up a piece for her final move. "And with this next move, I shall claim my long-due victory!"

"Your mother is pregnant."

A lot of things happened at once.

Morgan, dropping her piece on the wrong space, sealed her loss in the match.

Lucina, turning so red that Olivia would be proud, shrieked "Robin!" in utter disbelief.

Chrom, who had just happened to walk in at that exact moment, shouted "What!?" before tackling his friend to the ground.

And Robin, accidentally admitting to his best friend that his daughter was pregnant, ended up with a few... minor injuries.

Let's go with that.

It would take hours of pleading for forgiveness before Lucina finally forgave Robin. But eventually she realized that her father had punished him quite enough, and agreed to allow Robin to earn his forgiveness through an unprecedented amount of snuggling.

And if that hadn't worked, Robin already had a few extra bouquets hidden around his tent.

After all, a great tactician always has a backup.

Especially in matters dealing with his wife.

Wow. This one was long.

Special thanks to all my reviewers! Also, apparently this story was greatly recommended on smashboards! And to that, I'd like to give a big thanks to TheWerdna and pokemon rhoades. Thanks you two!

So, I hope you liked the change of pace for this chapter. Still fluffy, but just a bit of awesome and comedy thrown in.

I really feel like writing this is making me a better writer!

Anyways, I really hope you enjoyed this chapter!

Thanks for reading! Leave a review if you can!

***Chapter 11*: Chapter 11**

Huh. This... just kinda happened.

I don't even know anymore, haha.

Not sick! Wool!

I have been in a serious bout of self-pity though. Thought some good ol' Robin/Lucina would help.

It totally did.

This one's short—sorry about that.

But I promise a proposal and wedding chapter in the very near future.

Enjoy!

"Chrom? Can I have a word with you?"

I looked up from my desk, grinning when I saw Robin entering the tent.

I wondered how long this would take, I reflected. It's about damn time, too.

"Sure, Robin. Is everything alright? You look a little pale." I said, feigning worry. After all, it's not every day you ask your best friend and ruler of your country for their daughter's hand in marriage.

He laughed slightly. "I'm fine, Chrom. I just... I needed to ask you a question."

"Go ahead, Robin. You can ask anything."

"I... I wanted your permission for something."

"Of course. Thank you for coming to me first. I'll have to talk to Sumia about arrangements. Have you bought a—"

"What?" he asked, utterly confused. "I haven't even said what I wanted to yet."

I smiled, getting up from my desk. "Of course you can have my daughter's hand in marriage, Robin. I trust you with my life. I'm more than happy with entrusting her life to you as well."

Robin's jaw dropped, unsure how to take the news. "Th-thank you," he managed.

I laughed and began rummaging through the papers on my desk. "I should be the one thanking you, Robin. Now I never have to worry about her again. Well, to an extent. Alright, first thing we should do is go into town and look for a ring. Unless you have one picked out you wanted to use?"

Silence.

"Robin?" I asked, looking up.

And there he was standing, in the middle of my tent, the largest smile I had ever seen on his face.

And tears pouring down his cheeks.

"Th-thank you, Chrom... Th-thank you..." he sobbed.

I smiled and wrapped him in a large hug, allowing him to cry onto my shoulder.

He didn't need to explain anything. He never even really needed to ask.

Because whenever I thought of this moment, I already knew that Robin loved Lucina more than anything else.

And gods be damned, he would do anything to be with her.

That's how I knew I was happy with them being together.

Lucina wasn't dependent on him for support. Not at all.

Robin needed her just as much.

A man who would face fate and gods just for the chance to make the woman he loved smile?

What else could a father ask for in a suitor for his daughter?

That's that.

In my mind, Robin and Chrom have this amazing bromance.

Like, to each other, they're just as important as Sumia is to Chrom. Or Lucina is to Robin.

They're brothers.

And I love portraying that.

Even if Chrom does end up beating Robin up a ton, hahaha.

Thanks to everyone for reviewing! Sorry for the wait, but I'll do my best to write a few out faster!

Review if you liked it! Or if you didn't. Or if you just feel like it.

Thanks so much for taking the time to read this. Hope you enjoyed!

***Chapter 12*: Chapter 12**

Thank you, TheWerdna

That is all.

Serious spoilers for end of the game.

Although this entire fic kinda is...

Anyways, thanks for reading!

Complete

I am Grima.

Just... an incomplete version.

I... I'm the reason Lucina's future ever happened. It wasn't just the fact that I killed Chrom.

It was the fact that I killed everyone.

I threw up. Sickened at the thought of the horrible acts Grima...the horrible acts I had committed in Lucina's future.

I'm a monster.

I'm just a monster.

An incomplete monster, at that.

I refused to kill Chrom.

So I was just incomplete now.

Not even a true being.

Does she hate me?

How could she not hate me...?

Gods, she married the monster that destroyed her future!

I stopped trying to fight the bitter tears that welled up in my eyes.

What right did I have?

What right did I have thinking that I could love Lucina?

I have no right to love her.

Not when I'm the reason she still wakes up crying.

Not when I'm the reason she's had to experience so much pain.

I'm just a monster...

She must hate me. I bet even Morgan is embarrassed by me.

I... I should just leave after this war is over.

Spare them the trouble of having to deal with me.

I should just—

"Robin...?" I heard a soft voice from behind me.

"Lucina," I said, addressing her without turning to face her. "I understand if you hate me."

"Robin!" she exclaimed, upset. "How could you ever think that?"

I turned to face her, tears flowing freely as I saw the thinly veiled fear in her eyes.

Fear of me.

"You're afraid of me," I said. "I can see the fear in your eyes."

I turned away again. "You don't have to sleep here tonight. I'll understand. I mean, you married a monster. Who could blame you for—"

Her arms wrapping around me from behind cut me off. "Stop," she pleaded. "Stop that. You're not a monster. You're Robin. You're my Robin."

I turned around slowly, meeting her gaze.

"I'm not afraid of you, Robin," she explained. "I'm afraid you'll leave me thinking it's for my own good. I love you too much to be able to let you leave me."

"You're not a monster," she said again. "You're the most amazing man in the world, who I love more than anything."

Her words struck me.

"D-don't you blame me...? For destroying your future! It... It's my fault..."

"It's not," she retorted. "You and Grima are entirely different beings. I love you, Robin. You are not the same as the Robin from my time. You are not responsible for anything Grima has done. Not now, and not ever."

Suddenly, my tears were much more plentiful.

"Lucina..." I sobbed, clutching her to me as I sobbed loudly into her shoulder.

"Shhh... It's okay, Robin... I still love you... I always will," she said soothingly as she held me and gently rocked us back and forth.

"I love you, Lucina... I love you so much..."

"I know you do, Robin. And I love you."

I was kind of a mess without Lucina.

That night, she held me until I passed out from exhaustion—both physical and mental exhaustion.

When I woke up in the morning, she was there like always.

She looked at me the same.

She kissed me the same.

Nothing had changed.

Well... one thing had.

She insisted on at least fifteen minutes of holding each other before getting up in the morning.

She needed the support as much as I do.

"You're the reason this future is different," I told her one night. "You're the reason I'm different."

She smiled at that and kissed me lightly.

I wonder if she realizes that I'm nothing without her.

Just a man.

But when I'm with her, I'm complete.

She is my everything.

And I'll always be Robin to her.

Her one and only love.

Just like she is for me.

Done!

That was surprisingly easy.

Did you like it?

I hope you enjoyed it!

Ugh, so freaking tired. Gonna... I dunno punch a box of cereal.

Imma cereal killer.

I need sleep.

Thanks for reading! Review and I'll pay you!

With more fluff.

That's all.

Maybe a cookie...

Anyways, see ya soon!

***Chapter 13*: Chapter 13**

Hey, everyone.

It's... not been a fun day.

But I reaaaaally like this story.

It's 3rd person with a focus on Lucina.

Hope you enjoy.

Luck

Lucina was awake again.

Everyone had already retired to their tent hours ago, but two people always had a tendency to stay up much later; albeit for very different reasons.

Lucina kept having nightmares about failing her mission.

About Grima rising again.

About her father being killed once more.

So she got out of her tent and walked around camp.

Besides the stars, the world was dark.

Besides the occasional footsteps of the patrol, the world was quiet.

Every night she walked around the camp. And every night, without thinking, her feet brought her to the same place.

She always found herself standing in front of Robin's tent.

In the beginning, Robin was the first person she investigated when she joined the Shepherds. It was obvious to anyone that her father and he were close.

Closer than some couples, a few Shepherds would joke.

But over time, she couldn't fathom the thought that Robin could be her Father's killer.

He was too kind.

Too caring.

Maybe, she hoped to believe, maybe she had changed the future. And that by coming to the past, a chain of events had been set off that made Robin happier.

Made him closer to her Father.

But why was she caring so much about Robin?

Dismissing the thought with a shake of her head, she realized that although Robin had insisted that she needed to take better care of herself, Robin needed to do exactly the same.

The thought of kissing his cheek that night also came to mind.

Her face heated up as she defiantly tried to push that thought away.

It was just a thank you, she tried to reason. I would never do it again.

To prove her own point (to herself, no less) and to make sure Robin wasn't pushing himself too hard (purely strategic reasons), Lucina entered his tent.

To her surprise, she saw Robin passed out on top of a book, quill just outside of the reach of his fingers.

It... was kinda cute.

She shook her head, surprised at her own thoughts.

What made him work so hard?

She walked over to the desk to read his notes, careful not to wake the slumbering tactician.

She almost gasped out loud when she saw what he was writing about.

On the first page, was a list of strategies entirely based around keeping Chrom safe.

People Lucina trusted, including herself, would always be near Chrom in case he were to have any trouble.

Was this all for her? She wondered absentmindedly.

Robin's arm was covering the other half of the book, and Lucina couldn't see anything on that page.

Although it did seem like he had kept tearing out pages, judging by the rips she could see.

The pile of ashes in the corner must mean he burned all the mistakes.

What could make him that frustrated?

Unwilling to attempt to move him to look, she decided to put out the candles and take her leave.

Before she did though, she quickly looked around the room once or twice, just to make sure no one else was there (though she knew everyone was asleep).

Leaning down, she lightly kissed him on the forehead, holding her lips there for a bit longer than she initially assumed she would.

She hurried out of the tent as she realized that she was falling for Robin.

Her heart silently lamented as she assumed that he would never return her feelings.

Had she turned around however, she would have noticed a smile on the sleeping tactician's face.

It was only a matter of time until these two would confess their feelings for each other.

And after they did, Lucina would secretly kiss Robin's forehead before she went to sleep each night.

She considered it to be a good luck charm, after all.

Thanks for reading.

Did you enjoy it? I honestly think it's one of my better ones.

Shows how even without meaning to, Robin is constantly breaking down the walls Lucina has thrown up around her.

It's sweet.

Anyways, review if you have the time.

Thanks to everyone who did review, also.

And thanks for just taking the time to read this.

See you soon!

***Chapter 14*: Chapter 14**

Two chapters in one day!?

Whaaaaaat!?

Haha, not my fault. I guess I was just extra inspired today!

This is part one of "The Wedding Saga" and takes place during the campaign against Walhart.

The wedding itself will take place between the Walhart Campaign and the final battles against Grima.

Also, the "My Duty or My Love Saga" which consists of the Hot Springs Scramble chapter and the Judgement Scene chapter will be up shortly after that.

Hope you're excited!

Spontaneous

"Father?" Morgan asked.

"Yes?"

"Why haven't you proposed to Mother yet?"

"I'm waiting."

"What for?"

"The perfect opportunity."

"Have you asked Grandfather yet?"

"He said it was okay."

"Do you have a ring?"

"I do. Chrom and Sumia helped me pick it out."

"Then what's taking you so long?"

"I told you, dear. I'm waiting for the right moment."

"Well knock it off!"

I finally looked up from my book, surprised, to see a fuming Morgan.

"I'm sorry?" I asked, taken aback by the sudden anger.

"I said knock it off! Not everything has to happen only during the perfect opportunity!"

"Morgan, I—"

"Love isn't perfect, Father! And Mother is waiting for you to propose to her! She's been waiting her whole life! You can't just make her wait, Father... that's too cruel..." Morgan trailed off, tears filling her eyes.

She's right, I realized. I can't keep putting this off. I'm just afraid of the answer. But I know the answer already.

"Morgan, I'm sorr—"

"I am NOT the one you should be apologizing to! Now go find Mother!"

Dropping my book, I ran out of the tent.

Lucina told me she was going to grab something to eat with Chrom and Sumia, so I needed to hurry to the mess hall.

Wait.

This isn't right.

I need flowers. Flowers!

I ran out past the camp enclosure, ignoring the confused looks Frederick was giving me, and grabbed a handful of flowers.

I had the ring in my pocket. I had ever since I bought it.

Should I go dress up quick?

Lost in my thoughts, I didn't notice where I was walking until the sounds and smells of dinner surrounded me.

Too late now...

"Lucina!" I shouted, going to where she was sitting.

The room fell silent as all eyes fell on me.

She looked at me confused before Chrom motioned for her to go, a smile on his face.

"Robin?" she asked when we met up in the middle of the room. "Is something the matter?"

"Yes," I told her, handing her the flowers. "I just got yelled at by our daughter."

"What?"

"And then I ran here because I realized she was right."

"Robin, I don't under—"

"Lucina," I cut her off. "I love you. Truly, you mean everything to me. And now I'm doing what I should've done a long time ago."

I dropped down to one knee.

The silence was deafening.

"Lucina. I love you. You're everything to me. And I just want you to know that for the rest of my life, I want to be able to wake up next to you. I want your smile to be the first thing I see every morning and the last thing I see every night. I need to be by your side forever, Lucina. So please, will you do me the honor of marrying me?"

Lucina had begun to cry about halfway through my speech and showed no sign of stopping.

But the smile on her face made me not worry.

"Of course, Robin," she managed through the tears. "Of course I'll marry you. I love you so much."

Amidst thunderous applause and cheering, we shared another first kiss that night.

Our first kiss as fiancées.

That's that.

Alright, one step closer to the Wedding!

Hope you guys enjoyed this story.

By the way, writing a proposal scene is hard.

Like really really hard.

Especially when you're single. Because your only beta readers (although its not like I have one) are guys.

Guys who are about as romantic as salad.

Anyways, thanks for the reviews, and I hope everyone enjoyed it!

***Chapter 15*: Chapter 15**

Wow. 15 Chapters. Over 20000 views.

I am RIDICULOUSLY happy about this.

Thanks so much everyone!

I hope I can continue to write stories that you all love to read.

Really long one this time, so, enjoy!

This chapter is a special Happy Birthday to one of my readers: Dragontalon 486.

Happy Birthday. And thanks for being such a dedicated reader.

Here's to you!

The Royal Wedding

"Why is this such a huge occasion again?" My best man (and father of the bride), Chrom, laughed at my question.

"Why do you keep asking?"

"Trying to reassure myself that there's a strategic reason behind being forced to profess my love for your daughter in front of the entire kingdom."

Chrom had insisted that we get married at the castle.

"Well, if you want to look at it from a financial point of view, this is the only way I'll pay for the whole thing."

Damn.

"Besides, you and I both know you want to spoil her more than Sumia does."

Damn again.

"Fine, fine, I get your point," I said, grumbling.

"You just miss your coat, don't you?"

Son of a—

"Okay, enough with the whole mind-reading thing. I'm getting scared."

He patted my back reassuringly. "It's going to be okay," he said. "You two were pretty much married, anyhow. Now I don't have to use any of my 'Morgan-Prevention Strategies' anymore."

"Your what?"

"And also," he said, ignoring my question, "This is just what the kingdom needs right now. We just finished the war against Valm, and the Risen attacks are getting worse and worse. This is just the thing we need to get our minds off of the future."

I sighed, knowing he was right.

"Why the apparent reluctance, anyways?"

I paused for a moment before deciding on an answer.

"Do you know what a tactician's worst fear is?"

"Failure?"

"Exactly."

"What does that have to do with your wedding?"

"Chrom, I have no idea how to be a husband. I haven't read up on this, I haven't studied real-life examples... I'm just so afraid that I'll fail as a husband."

Chrom smiled.

"How's Morgan doing?"

"She's fine. She's most likely with Sumia and Lucina right now, helping her prepare."

"She excited?"

"Very. She kept insisting Lucina try fighting in her wedding dress."

Chrom and I shared a laugh at that. "Why do you ask?" I questioned.

"How do you know what to do with her?"

"I don't. I just do what feels right."

"It's easier with a wife, Robin."

"And why do you say that?"

"Robin, she already accepted you for who you are. All of you."

"Chrom, that's not—"

"She, more than anyone, knows your flaws and your strengths. And she still loves you despite it all."

I was silent.

"Amazing how easily our tactician can be trumped on the day of his wedding."

"You're abusing your power as Exalt."

"Well we both knew I was gonna be your best man. Just because I'm also the father doesn't mean it's off-limits. Not like there's a precedent for time travel."

Damn damn damn!

"Fine!" I announced. "I give up! No more using my brain for today."

"That wasn't an option," Chrom laughed. "You'll have no thoughts in her head once you see her in her wedding dress. That's how I was with Sumia."

I groaned. "I hate being unable to argue."

Chrom patted me on the shoulder with false sympathy. "Welcome to the married life. Alright, it's time to go."

I sighed and followed him out of the room into the chapel.

The castle chapel was one of the biggest rooms in the castle.

At the end of the room (could you even call it that at this point?) Libra stood in front of the organ where Maribelle was practicing.

The entire chapel had white all over it. White flowers, white covers on the pews, and white banners with the Brand of Ylisse emblazoned upon it.

Chrom and Sumia kinda went over the top.

Mostly Sumia...

Lucina

"Mother, please stop crying," I pleaded.

"I-I'm just so happy," she said. "My baby girl is all grown up!"

Actually, she was being looked after by Frederick and Cordelia. But, no sense in being technical.

"Mother, Robin and I are going to be living in the castle. It's okay."

"Sh-she's right, Grandmother! N-no need to cry."

"Morgan, why are you crying?"

"It's just too beautiful!" she sobbed. "You two have wanted this for so long!"

"You look so beautiful, Lucina!"

"Father is so lucky!"

I blushed and hid my face as my mother and daughter held each other and cried over my wedding.

I can't believe I was getting married.

In my future, weddings were often a short thing.

Not to mention rare.

I guess people had just given up hope on weddings.

My friends even told me they weren't entirely sure I'd be able to get married after all that had happened.

But... I guess Robin's just special.

Robin...

"Ooooooh, you're thinking of Father, aren't you, Mother," Morgan said suddenly.

I whirled around, surprised at the sudden change in her mood. "Wh-what makes you say that?"

"You sighed romantically."

I...

I what?

"I—"

"Yup! You put your hands under your chin and sighed all lovingly and stuff."

Oh gods, I'm so embarrassed.

I immediately tried to hide my face, but Morgan and Mother were now focusing on making sure my dress looked right and forced me out the door, telling me it was time to go.

"W-wait, I'm not ready!"

"You've been ready since the day you met Father!"

"It wasn't that romantic!"

Okay, maybe it was.

I groaned in fear. I hope he likes how I look...

Robin

I messed with my suit. The music had just started to play which meant that Lucina was walking down the aisle.

Oh gods, oh gods, oh gods, I was not ready for this.

What if I stutter?

What if I trip?

What if I miss her when we kiss at the end?

What if—

"Robin," Chrom leaned over and whispered, interrupting my thoughts. "Don't you think it's time to look at your bride?"

I turned around and looked.

All thoughts left my head.

All but one.

She is so beautiful.

Truly, I am the luckiest man in the world.

A smile came to my face as she walked forward, eyes trained on me.

For a few moments, reality faded away.

It was just me.

It was just Lucina.

It was just us.

There was no one else in the room.

No one else in the world.

There was just her.

Lucina

There was just him.

I stopped being aware of the hundreds of pairs of eyes on me.

I stopped being aware of the music playing.

I could only see Robin now.

My love.

Robin

She got up to the front with Sumia at her side as the maid of honor.

You look amazing, I mouthed.

She smiled—that smile that I love more than anything else in the world.

Libra smiled at the two of us before starting.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, we are gathered here today to witness the joining of two young lovers.

"And now, the vows. Robin?"

Lucina

My heart began to beat in anticipation as Robin took a piece of paper out from his pocket.

"Lucina," he began. "You are the light of my life and my undying love. Nothing could ever stop me from loving you or being with you. Before I met you, I thought too much of my past; who am I? Why do I know what I know? Why don't I have my memories anymore? But after meeting you, I only thought of my future. You are my future, Lucina. I want to grow old with you. I want to finish this war and live a peaceful quiet life with you in my arms every morning when I wake up and every

night when I fall asleep. You are my one true love, Lucina, and I will gladly cross any boundaries to be with you. Not time, not death, not the gods could stop me from being with you, Lucina. I love you."

I love you too, Robin.

Robin

Lucina had begun to cry during my reading. And I must admit, my voice wavered a few times as I realized how much I loved her, too.

"And now it is your turn, Lucina," Libra spoke, smiling.

Sumia handed her a piece of paper, and she began.

"Robin," she spoke. "You are the sword at my side and the wind at my back. I came back here with the intention of staying behind the scenes and changing things, then leaving. But when Father found out who I was, I thought staying until I found his murderer and leaving was best. But... then I met you, Robin. You make me want to stay. You make me want to fall in love and get married and have children and lead a happy life, away from war and away from conflict. I... I've never known true happiness since Father died. But meeting you has made everything I've been through, Robin. I'm so glad I met you. I love you."

I looked helplessly at Chrom, unable to hold back tears anymore.

He smiled through his own tears and nodded at me.

"Now, Libra said after giving everyone a moment. "If anyone should disagree to the marriage of these two, speak now or forever hold your tongue."

The room was silent.

"Then I now pronounce you husband and wife," Libra finished. "You may now kiss the bride."

And suddenly there was no more space between Lucina and I.

We kissed, sealing in our love for each other, and our hopes for a happy future.

The entire chapel cheered and applauded as we pressed our foreheads to each other, staring into each other's eyes.

"I love you," I told her again.

"I love you, too."

And, grasping my hand, we walked down the aisle together.

As husband and wife.

I... I don't really know what to say.

This chapter made me really happy to write.

Thank you all for taking the time to read my work.

I'll update soon.

Thanks again.

***Chapter 16*: Chapter 16**

I'm just gonna profusely apologize.

Sorrysorrysorrysorrysorrysorrysorrysorrysorrysorrysorrysorrysorry.

Things got kinda bad in my personal life. And I don't know how updates are gonna be from now on, but I won't give up on this story.

Once again, I'm so sorry.

Smile

In Robin's opinion, Lucina was easily the most difficult person in the world to make smile.

Which, he reasoned, was definitely the only reason he tried so hard to do it.

In the beginning, he tried jokes.

Jokes... weren't her thing.

But it did end up causing them to spend more time together since Robin was not pleased at the thought of losing a battle (even one as small as this).

As a result, they got to know each other better.

He got to see her smile a bit more frequently than some of the other members of the Shepherds.

Then Robin asked if she would be okay with fighting together on the battlefield.

They fought in perfect synchronization.

Even better than when he and Chrom fought together, some of the Shepherds would remark after a particularly well-fought battle.

Her smile really was radiant to Robin.

Is that why her tears were so painful to see?

No, he realized after a conversation with her one night. It was because he loved her.

And the more time they spent together, the more often she began to smile, just at the little gestures.

Before he realized it, she would smile at just the sight of him.

The rest of the Shepherds realized it, though. Even Chrom was aware.

But no one wanted to mention it. Because everyone was happy that Lucina could finally smile with ease.

And (although Robin would never admit it) he would smile more, too.

This ended up being another one of the reasons Chrom accepted Robin and Lucina's relationship without much trouble.

The one smile Robin remembers more clearly than any other is on the day he confessed his love to her.

And he smiled just as bright when she returned her feelings.

That's that. Thanks for reading. One last time: I'm so sorry for the awful wait. I'll do my best to churn out some more much quicker. Thanks again.

***Chapter 17*: Chapter 17**

Hey everyone.

It's been rough lately. Really rough. But I'm here now. I was going through some stuff but I'm doing a lot better. Sorry for the wait and I hope it was worth it, even a little.

Smash

"You know," Robin mused, looking closely at a statue depicting our friend Link from the Smash tournament. "The detail on these things are astounding. What do they call them again?"

"Amiibo," Morgan piped up, excitedly carrying two bags full of them out of the Outrealms marketplace. This market was connected with numerous Outrealms and on some days, they even saw some friends from the tournament. "Look, look, I even got one of you and Mother!" she exclaimed, holding up one of her bags. Curiously, Robin opened it and grabbed a box containing Lucina in her fighting pose.

"Lucina," he called to his wife who was carrying her own bag out of the market. "They even remembered to put the Mark of Naga on your cape!"

"That's great, Robin," she said absentmindedly. "Now let's hurry home."

"What's the rush? Also what did you buy?" Robin answered back. Reaching out for the bag she was holding, he was surprised by her sudden reaction of clutching it tightly to her chest.

"S-souvenirs," she responded, blushing slightly. Robin adopted a cheeky smile. "For who? Doesn't look like there'd be enough for everyone back home."

"I-it's for Father!"

"You got a souvenir for only Chrom? Not Cynthia or Sumia? That's not like you at all."

Morgan watched the conversation between her parents in slack-jawed awe as the conversation went entirely her father's way. She had never regretted anything more this whole trip than forgetting to bring a notepad and pencil (which, surprisingly enough, the Master Hand was unable to accommodate) because she wished to take notes of all the fighters' individual skills and abilities.

Oh, sure she had fun while at the tournament. She made friends with Toon Link (affectionately referred to as Toony by the members of the tournament) and had developed a serious crush on his older counterpart (which may or may not have influenced her buying the amiibo of him) and she had gotten quality time with her mother and another princess, Zelda.

Zelda and Lucina had actually become good friends during the course of the tournament. They shared many interests and hobbies (including having hidden their gender by dressing up as a man) and Lucina finally had the opportunity to talk with another princess.

Robin, meanwhile, had ended up spending a lot of time talking with Marth and Ike, learning all about their adventures from first hand experience (as the Einherjar were good, but they were based off of legend rather than fact).

When he wasn't chatting with the heroes of old, however, he was busy chatting with the young heroes, Link and Shulk. Link wasn't a very talkative man and prefers to listen to his friends' stories, but when he tells about his adventures, everyone listens. He has a quiet voice, but it speaks volumes.

Morgan also found herself caught in a strange "love-quadrilateral" of sorts between Pit, Dark Pit (Pitoo to her, Pit, and Palutena) and Palutena. It was a complicated mess that ended up with Robin and Lucina fighting and beating the three of them with the help of Zelda.

Other notable friends of Lucina included Samus and Rosalina, and Robin ended up meeting a young swordsman who was enamored with tales of his adventures. By the end of the tournament, each family member had made a number of new friends, many of which promised to stay in contact through use of an Outrealms postal service.

Back to the matter at hand however, Robin was still attempting to convince his lovely wife to tell him what she had hidden in the bag. With each excuse, Lucina's face became even more red.

"Fine!" she exclaimed. "I'll tell you."

"No need," Robin said, kissing her cheek. "I'm flattered that you bought an amiibo of me."

She flushed again and looked away, not needing to tell him he was correct.

He laughed and grabbed her hand, giving it a soft squeeze. "Let's head home now. I'm sure Chrom will wonder where we are."

"Yeah let's go see Grandfather!" Morgan exclaimed running down the street.

"If it makes you feel any better," Robin whispered into Lucina's ear, "I bought the rest of the Lucina amiibos. I would have bought more if there wasn't a shortage."

"Robin!" she exclaimed, blushing heavily.

"The detail was astounding!" he argued, laughing as his wife attempted to simultaneously keep ahold of his hand and hide her blushing face.

Suddenly spinning his wife around and wrapping his arms around her waist, he touched noses with her. "Although maybe my memory is failing me." He said, kissing her lightly on the nose.

Her heart pounded. "Maybe... I can fix that..." she mumbled softly as she lightly kissed him.

"Or maybe you could not make private plans in front of your father," a new voice said from the side.

Bolting upright, they both turned to see Chrom looking at them with his arms crossed and Morgan bouncing excitedly by his side. "I found Grandfather!" she exclaimed happily.

"F-father!" Lucina exclaimed. "What are you doing here?"

His face darkened slightly. "Your mother sent me to look for some of these 'amiibo' from the tournament. Said she wanted one of you two but they were sold out. I had to pay Anna with money from the treasury to get my hands on some!"

"But then why do you have two of each?" Morgan asked slyly.

Silence.

"We're heading home. Robin, Lucina, I don't care what you do—you've been married for a few months already—just don't make private plans in front of me. Or your daughter."

They all headed back towards the exit of the Outrealms.

"Robin..." Lucina warned, knowing what her husband was up to.

"Too late," he said with a grin. "Already got blackmail material for the rest of the year."

"You should really stop blackmailing the Exalt," she said matter-of-factly.

"I will when we have another child. I'll let him off the hook then."

"Looks like Mother has a lot of work to do," Morgan said mischievously before running off towards Chrom.

"Cheeky kid," Robin said as the pair blushed.

"Don't know where she got it from," Lucina shot back, smiling playfully at Robin.

Hey everybody. Dunno where this one really went. Or started. But either way, its... a thing. So what inspired this story is the fact that I actually managed to grab both a Robin AND a Lucina amiibo today. Anyways, I'm definitely trying to get back into my writing again so hopefully this story will open up the way to more stories (and better ones too). You didn't like it, tell me! You loved it, tell me that too! You don't care? Well I mean I guess you can tell me. But I feel like that would require more effort than you'd like to give.

I'd like to take a quick moment to thank everyone in my life who has helped me. I've had some readers try to contact me and some old friends have really come through for me, even when I asked.

I've been very confused about where I'm going in my life. Whether or not I wanna continue pursuing college or if I wanna just do my best to be promoted in my current job and try to pursue a career in writing.

Either way, thanks for giving my tired old story a read. I'll keep going. I promise.

See you soon!

***Chapter 18*: Chapter 18**

Worth

Robin was throwing a temper tantrum.

He threw his books against the walls of his tents, kicked over his tables and crumpled up the detailed maps of the Plegian land he had made for weeks.

Now, normally this sort of behavior was above our heroic tactician. But this was a special occasion; for the first time since he joined the Shepherds, Robin had failed.

And this failure had cost the life of the Exalt—Emmeryn, Chrom's sister.

He sat down on his bed finally and put his face in his hands and angry tears threatened the corners of his eyes. Besides the quiet footsteps of the patrol, the night was silent. Robin sighed and stood up again, deciding he needed to pick up the mess he had created before he turned in for the night.

"Do you need some assistance?" a soft voice sounded from the front of his tent.

There, standing in his doorway, was the mysterious female swordsman who had saved them on multiple occasions: Marth. He thought he had caught a glimpse of her after Emmeryn's... after the fall. And sure enough, here she was.

"Marth," Robin greeted, attempting to inconspicuously clear the tears from his eyes. "Nice to see you."

If she noticed, she didn't respond, but her look softened upon seeing the state of his room. "I'll lend you a hand," she said as she began to pick up a few overturned books.

He nodded, a bit surprised, and got to work cleaning up with her. Soon, the tent was back in its normal (still messy but more of an organized mess) state. Robin motioned for her to sit on one of his chairs as he sat on his bed. "Thanks for the help," he said, gratefully, choosing not to meet her eyes. "It would have taken a lot longer if you hadn't—"

He paused as he heard a strange sound coming from her. When he turned to her, he noticed that she was staring at one of his maps, tears falling from her eyes as she bit her lip trying to hold back another sob. "Marth...?" he asked, concerned. "Are you okay?"

Hesitatingly, she shook her head. "Is... there any way I can help...?" he asked, unsure of what to do.

She shook her head again, crossing her arms and looking down on the ground, fighting as hard as she could not to make a single sound as she cried. Robin sighed miserably.

Worthless again, he thought. *What can I do?*

"Worthless..." she said, very softly. He looked at her, confused. Did he say it out loud?

"I'm so worthless..." she said after a moment.

A pang of empathy struck him as he realized that, for some reason or another, she was feeling the same way as him.

He walked over to her and put a hand on her shoulder.

"You're not worthless, Marth. Some things just happen. Some things can't be controlled."

"I could've done more..." she said as she rocked back and forth. "I should've done more..."

"There was nothing more to be done," Robin fired back. "I did everything... we did everything we could. It's just we couldn't change this..."

Something about what Robin said seemed to resonate with her because she very suddenly lost control of the tight lock she had on her emotions and broke down right there in his tent, sobbing loudly. Unsure of what else to do, he wrapped his arms around her and let her cry on his shoulder, tears staining his favorite coat.

"I'm not enough," she said over and over again as the tears spilled out. Robin only hugged her all the tighter. Eventually, she wrapped her arms around him as well and Robin, emotionally drained from the day's events, cried with her.

Once they had both settled down, they sat on his bed together, not saying anything. Robin was unsure who she was, but

he had to admit that finally letting go and realizing there was nothing else to be done really helped him.

"Sometimes you just need a good cry with a good friend," he mused aloud. Marth gave a small chuckle at that and a smile graced Robin's lips as well. He liked her laugh.

"I must be going..." she said as she started to stand. Unconsciously, Robin hung onto her, not wanting to let go. Her eyes softened and she sat back down, leaning her head against his shoulder. "Maybe a little longer..." she said, a slight red tinge on her cheeks.

Time passed and her breathing made Robin realize she had fallen asleep while leaning against him. He considered waking up, but he too passed out before he could make a decision.

He awoke the next day in his bed, alone, and sat up, wondering if it had all been a strange dream. If it was, it was definitely cathartic. If not, he had a million more questions for Marth.

Something he vaguely remembered however was a soft voice telling him thank you in the midst of the night and something soft pressed to his cheek.

His hand unconsciously touched the spot he had thought of.

Everyone has worth, he thought. It's not how often you succeed, it's how willing you are to try.

That night stayed in their hearts for years to come, even after their marriage and the birth of their daughter Morgan, they would both remember the night they first became worth something to each other.

Hey everyone. Ta-da! I'm not dead.

In other news, I totally missed the one year anniversary and that saddens me. In other news, I was promoted at work and got my own place! Woo!

Also I'm screwed when it comes to college but that is another story for another day.

I met a girl a few months back (around the time I updated actually) and we hit it off really well for awhile before she friendzoned me and is now always telling me about this guy she's into.

Plus I cut my closest friends out of my life since they've been having some serious issues with drug abuse (I won't be saying anymore about that).

Needless to say, I've been very depressed and have felt incredibly worthless lately.

I'm not sure if I got the correct message through in this story but I had a random moment of inspiration so BAM I wrote this thing.

Sorry again for leaving for months (this is sadly becoming common). I'll do my best to get on top of this again but honestly, I don't know how long until my depression kicks my ass again.

I got a few messages from some concerned readers and I would just like to say thank you so much for your care and support.

Thanks so much for reading my story and I desperately hope you got at least a little enjoyment out of it.

Until next time, readers. Thanks again.

-GhostPanda1314

***Chapter 19*: Chapter 19**

Tears and Smiles

In my many years of traveling, I have experienced more than one day that I consider to be the day my life began.

The first is, of course, the day I woke up in that field to the face of the man who would become my truest friend and brother in all but blood, and the woman who would become like a sister to me. That was the first day of my life. There were tears in my eyes when I woke up. A foreboding premonition at the back of my mind.

The day I met you, though I didn't realize it at the time, was another moment. The day I truly met you, not as Marth, but as Lucina. And not as Chrom's daughter, but as a woman with the heaviest burden and the biggest heart. The day I truly met you was the day I fell in love with you. I knew I loved you because I had a dream where you had been killed in battle and I woke up crying.

When we got married, we slept in the same bed for the first time that night. I woke up still holding you and I realized that I was smiling. And then I realized I was crying. I haven't stopped smiling since. Not truly, anyways.

Tears are your body's truth. You can hide them and you can deny them, but they're never stopped completely. The truth is that I could do anything and everything life has to offer and I would never be more alive than when I am with you, my darling Lucina.

I used to believe that the battlefield would be the only woman who loves me, and death the only one I ever court. But the truth is, I was never truly alive until I had you.

After defeating Grima, I woke up in that same field. And realizing that it was all over and we could live together happily for the rest of our days was truly the day my life began.

I was smiling that day, too.

And although no one said anything, everyone knows that I was crying, too.

Aaaaaaaand that's a wrap! Hey folks, it's me again! Your awful at keeping on schedule author! Please don't kill me...

Well I was having trouble ending this but I think it turned out nicely. I'd like to thank everyone for the support and inform everyone that I am doing better right now. One thing I'd like to point out is that in my last commentary I used "friendzone" which sounds like I was hoping for a more physical relationship. That is not the case. I used it because right up until the end, we were essentially a couple—hand holding and all. But she didn't want to be more than my friend in the end. And a few weeks later there was something else.

Now I don't hold any anger or resentment for her; I realize sometimes feelings just do or do not happen. My only regret with her is that we don't talk anymore and I am fully aware a part of that is my own fault. A large part, unfortunately.

But hey, life never works out the way we plan.

On that somber note, I proooooobably won't be talking much about my personal life anymore. I do that a bit too much. Way too much.

Anyways, thanks a ton for reading! If you feel so inclined, feel free to drop me a review! I highly encourage it!

...please?

Anyways, thanks so much for sticking with this awful at updating author and his story! I really hope you enjoyed! See you soon! Probably.

***Chapter 20*: Chapter 20**

Perfection

Lucina found that Robin had a few habits and quirks that she was very fond of. To start with, he was always willing to help people. Seeing someone so willing to help those in need no matter the personal cost was something that warmed her heart.

The way his eyes lit up every time he bought a new book was so innocent and pure that even just thinking about it made a smile come unbidden to her lips.

However, each thing she loved about him was equally countered by one of his flaws.

Robin's willingness to help people no matter the personal cost put his life in danger more times than she cared to count.

And although she adored the way he poured over his books and his studies, he could easily become wrapped up in them and forget to eat or even sleep on some occasions. He pushed himself much too hard without even realizing that he was doing it.

But Lucina knew that if she wanted to change any of these flaws that Robin had, he wouldn't be himself anymore.

She did not love him in spite of his flaws, she loved him *because* of his flaws. And that makes all the difference in the world.

She played with the ring on her hand, the familiar weight of it comforting to her now more than ever, and she smiled.

Robin was not perfect. She was not perfect. Their relationship was not perfect.

And because they realized and accepted this, they were perfect together.

She jumped slightly as two arms wrapped around her waist and a familiar presence hugged her from behind. Robin rested his chin on her shoulder and hummed as she smiled with happiness.

"We should get some sleep," Robin said softly. "We have a long day tomorrow."

She turned to face him and gave him a small kiss. "I know, love." He smiled and took her hand as they made their way back to their tent.

Robin had seen her at her worst and her best. And still he loved her. And with the Shepherds making their way to the final battle against Grima, she was happy that she had let at least one person outside of her family into her life.

Hey there readers! I wrote another chapter so soon! Pretty weird for me honestly. But I haven't really written in so long that I can just let the words flow now. So maybe there will be some more chapters before you know it!

Hint hint.

Anyways, I was trying to convey certain emotions through this chapter, but I honestly don't know what kind. Basically if your mind wandered to someone you care about while you read this or you found yourself smiling ever so slightly, I did what I intended.

This chapter takes place after their wedding. More specifically, it takes place between Chrom's awakening and their final battle with Grima. The real final battle.

Hope and despair would be tied together through the emotions of many of the Shepherds, and I like to think that the kids from the future all focused on the good things that surrounded them and the wonderful things that going back in time brought for them.

I like to think no one went into that battle believing they were going to lose.

Granted, I also like to think that no one would have died and we all know that's a load of crap. But I always like happy endings. Comes with being a hopeless romantic, y'know?

You better know. Otherwise what have you been reading?

Either way, long author's note today! Sorry about that. But hey, if you liked this chapter, why not leave a review? Or if

you're nervous about that stuff, go ahead and private message me!

And as much as I'm loving the compliments, constructive criticism is more than okay with me. My writing is not even remotely close to perfect, so feel free to tell me what I can improve.

Well, thank you so much for taking the time to read this! I'll be back soon and hopefully my writing ability will be good to go soon as well.

You guys are the best, and without you, I would have never written this many chapters. Thanks for the support. Truly.

-GhostPanda1314